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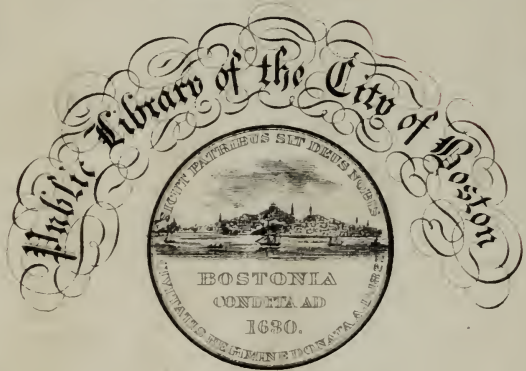
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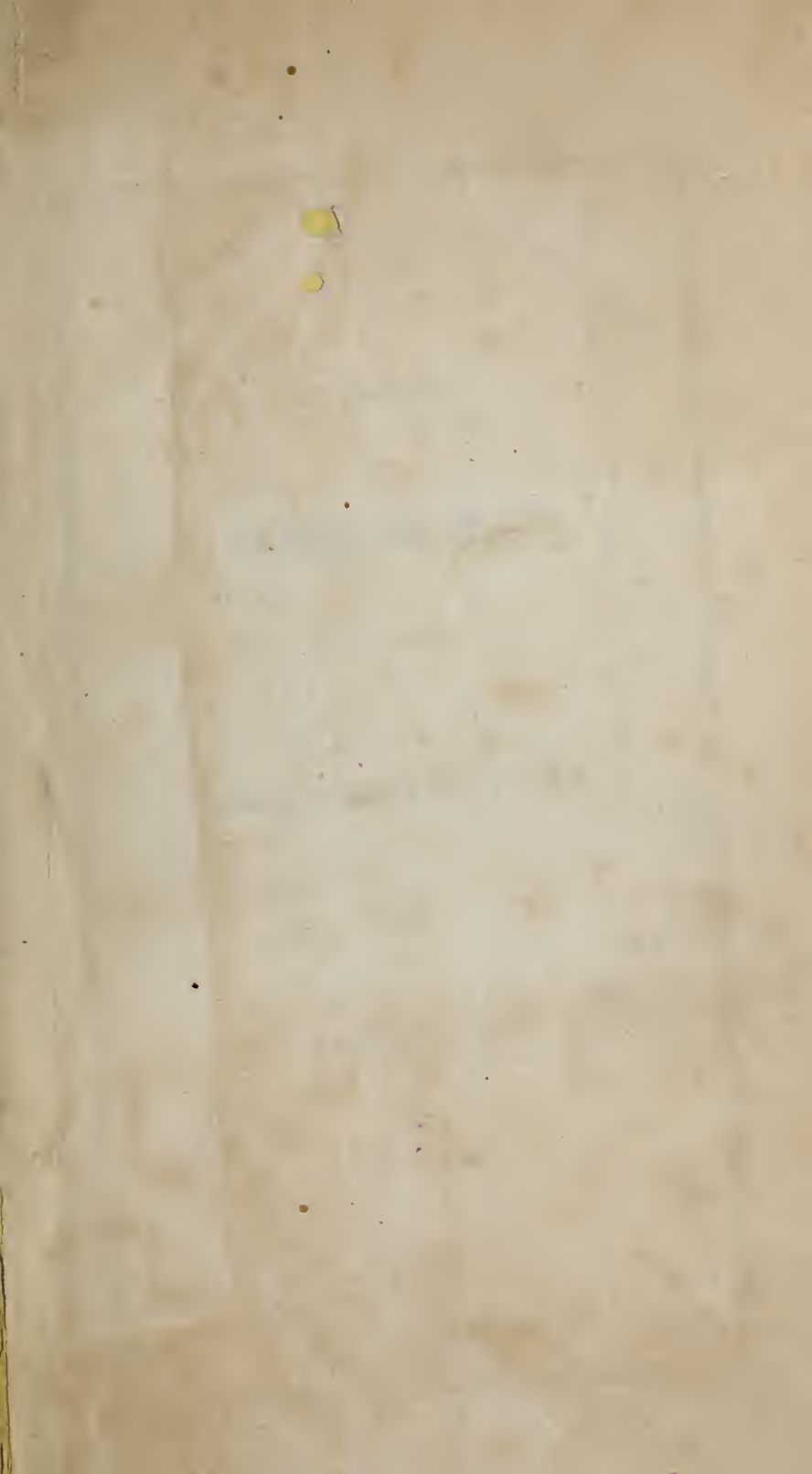
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THE COMING OF CHRIST.

A

SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE

THE EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

IN THE FEDERAL STREET CHURCH, BOSTON,

ON SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1841.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AT THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER OFFICE.

1841.



S E R M O N .

LUKE VII. 19.

“ART THOU HE THAT SHOULD COME? OR LOOK WE FOR ANOTHER?”

I know of no portion of sacred writ, which can suggest thoughts more appropriate to a missionary occasion, than the narrative, from which my text is taken. There is to my own mind something surpassingly grand and beautiful in it. It has a deep significancy, and is as full of meaning to us at the present day, as it was to the Baptist. John, though he had foretold the Messiah's advent, had very low and imperfect notions of his kingdom. He supposed, that he would have come in outward pomp, in robes of power and state, at the head of conquering hosts. In the gloom of imprisonment, his faith in Jesus as the Messiah had grown dim. He asked for some surer token, some more resplendent sign, than had been given. He felt, that, if Jesus were indeed the promised Savior, he was dallying on his career, wasting golden moments, and ungratefully leaving his faithful precursor to the horrors of a dungeon and the peril of a violent death. John therefore sent two

of his disciples, in the double hope, no doubt, of hearing somewhat that might confirm his own faith, and also of hastening the movements of Jesus towards victory and empire, if he were the true Messiah. Jesus makes no direct verbal reply; but acts an answer full of eloquence. Surrounded by the sick, and blind, and distracted, whom the rumor of his wondrous cures had brought from all the country round about, he heals this wretched multitude in the presence of John's disciples, and then commands them to go and tell John what they had seen and heard, thus tacitly saying to his forerunner: 'One has come, who lifts off men's burdens and rolls away their infirmities, who cures the evils and dispels the sorrows of mortality, who bids disease begone, and snatches the prey from the grave, who comforts the mourners, and proclaims glad news to the poor. Whom else, what more would you have? What seals of office could one bear more worthy of God, more manifest to man? Is not a healer of the griefs and ills of life *he that should come*?—the very Messiah that was needed? Why then *look for another*? Why look for pomp or glitter, the sound of trumpet and the clash of arms, when love, which is holier and greater than these, has become incarnate, and is working its miracles among the lowly and desolate? Why *look for another*, when the poor and the outcast have found a sympathy and kindness unknown before, when man, as man, has had shed upon him those rays of compassionate fellow-feeling, for which ever since the creation he has been yearning in vain?' The idea of this answer of our Savior is, that, *wherever love is at work, there he, who should come, has come*,—that in whatever company of

believers, in whatever soul, there is love unfeigned and undefiled, to those believers, to that soul are fulfilled the words of the herald angel to the shepherds ; ‘ Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.’ I shall now endeavor to expand and illustrate this idea, trusting that the train of thought, which I shall draw from it, may be found in harmony with the occasion, which has brought us together.

1. I would take with an infidel the same course, which Jesus took to revive John’s faltering faith. I would first survey with my unbelieving friend the institutions and customs of Paganism. I would show him those lands of darkness and of the shadow of death, where the wounds of humanity are left to bleed unrelieved and unpitied. I would take him from scene to scene of desolation and woe, over which brooded no angel of peace, and whispered no breathing of consolation. I would show him the victim of pestilence cast out by his own kindred, breathing his last alone and unthought of. I would show him the prisoner languishing in hopeless durance,—the poor man trodden in the dust, his home a kennel, his children slaves. I would take him to the new made grave and the house of death, and let him see how full of desolation and despair are the sorrows of bereavement, when not cheered by the dawning of a filial faith and a heavenly hope. And then I would lead the unbeliever through Christendom, and show him there a balm for all men’s wounds. I would take him into the dungeons and pest-houses of the old world, and show him the Christian philanthropist thrusting himself into the very heart of peril, that he may carry the healing cup, the pledge of sympathy, the

bread of life to those sick and in prison. I would bid him walk through the still streets, which have been swept by the swift pestilence, and there see, as the frequent corpse is borne forth, the sisters of charity and the ministers of the cross, women tenderly nurtured, men of commanding powers and gifts, hurrying undaunted from one death-bed to another, discharging at once the most menial and the most holy offices, breathing in contagion, exposing themselves to a thousand deaths, that they may soothe the last hours, and point to heaven the departing spirits of those, with whom a common nature is their only tie. I would show him the hospitals, the orphan asylums, the houses of reformation, which are seen no where but on Christian soil. I would bid him mark how Christian charity has taken the poor by the hand of cordial brotherhood, has gathered the little ones of ignorance and want into the fold of Jesus, and opened the door of mercy and of hope to the outcast victims of depravity. I would carry him to the maniac's chapel on some Sabbath morning, and show him there the hundreds redeemed from straw, and chains, and filth, sitting, like him of old, at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and, to human appearance, in their right mind, listening earnestly to the soothing accents of Christian love, uniting devoutly in prayer, and lifting in faultless melody their songs of praise to him, who commands the light to shine out of darkness. I would carry him too to the Christian death-bed and house of mourning, and there teach him what peace and triumph the gospel can shed over the closing scene, how calmly and hopefully survivors sorrow for those that sleep in Jesus. I would trace back for him every source of

consolation and joy, till I reached the gospel fountain, where it took its birth. I would show him that humanity has not a want, not a sorrow, which Jesus does not meet, not a dark passage in life, which he does not make fragrant with praise and love. I would thus hold forth Christianity as the great alms-giver, burden-bearer, and peace-maker of our race. I would show him how deeply humanity needed such a faith, how full and earnest is the sympathy of the great toiling and suffering body of humanity with it. And then I would ask him whether, if heaven indeed be gracious, such a Prince and Savior should not have come. Can we look at God's throne of love, and believe that he would have left his children unaided in their conflict with guilt and woe? Can we trace the healing streams, that flow from Christ to make glad the city of our God, without feeling that they flow from the throne of everlasting love? No. Such is indeed the Savior, who, man's wants tell us, *should come*, nor can the fair and honest seeker *look for another*.

2. Again, in Christendom, among rival sects and conflicting creeds, we may know where Christ is by the same signs. And especially, we may thus ascertain, whether he is in *our* midst, or whether we have taken away our Lord, and set up a false Christ, an Antichrist in his place. One says, *Lo, here is Christ*, another, *Lo, there*. Here you are bidden to trace his genuine church in the purity of its doctrines, there in the sanctity of its ritual, yet elsewhere in the simple nakedness of its forms and modes. Christ may be present in either, in all, or in none of these churches; for these are not the signs of his coming. But where

you see the sick healed and the unhappy soothed, men's wants supplied and their sufferings relieved, the light and truth of God's word dispensed among the poor, and sent forth to the benighted, you need look no farther,—Christ is there,—he, who should come, has come in the midst of that brotherhood, whatever their name, their creed or their forms. We are saved the trouble of catechizing them,—their works testify of them.

This view explains to us the exclusiveness and bigotry, which prevailed in the church for so many ages. Though there has always been silently flowing from Christianity an influence, which has relieved the wants and allayed the troubles of man, the Church very early lost its actively and distinctively philanthropic character. When 'they that believed had all things in common, and parted of their possessions as every man had need,' there were no divisions among them. They bore the impress of their Master's love; and by that impress each knew his brother. They were all missionaries of the cross, went on errands of mercy, and bore glad tidings to the poor, and in these things each beheld in every other the seal of discipleship. But soon charity became rather the incidental act, than the habit of the church. While she put on the trappings of pomp and power, the poor were neglected, the benighted were forgotten, the suffering were passed by on the other side. No where, in any considerable portion of the church, could Christ's spirit be traced. And, as love waxed cold, schism and heresy grew. All parts of Christ's professed family having lost the marks of discipleship, by which they had once known each other, sectarian jealousy, partizan warfare raged. And well might

catholics and heretics alike have denied each other the Christian name ; for, with here and there a solitary exception, they were all equally unworthy of it. ‘Is he that should come among you?’ might one sect have cried to another. ‘Whence then in your midst those groans of unpitied suffering, those cries of the desolate and the fatherless unheard but by heaven, those unaided wants and woes, that grinding of the faces of the poor, those Macedonian cries of souls in darkness and error, thrilling in your ears without a response? Surely man’s wants are left unsatisfied, his sorrows unrelieved within your pale. Therefore he, who should come, has not come among you,—look ye for another.’ Thus for ages did the various divisions of Christendom reproach and upbraid each other, yet without taking to heart the good old proverb,—‘Physician, heal thyself.’ Still God never left himself without a witness. But the true church, which still bore its Master’s lineaments, and whence his spirit might have been rekindled, was often hidden in forests and caverns, sunk in obscurity, branded by anathemas.

The true church, I say ; for there has always been one. The apostolic succession has been preserved. And this true church, this apostolic succession we trace not in a straight line through all the vileness and depravity of the Roman hierarchy ; for, highly as we revere and cherish that outward organization and those time-hallowed and Apostolic forms, which survived in the darkest times, and dimly shadowed forth a purer past and a brighter future, we cannot conceive of any spiritual gift as having resided in the bodies of a corrupt and unchristian prelacy, and having been transmitted

at their fingers' ends. The true apostolic succession has followed a devious path. The true church has dwelt now among the cedars of Lebanon, and now in the fastnesses of the Appenines. It has glorified God in the fires of Smithfield, and in the martyred hosts of St. Bartholomew's Eve. It has reared its altars on the hills of Scotland, and among the primeval forests of the New World. It has worshipped in the vast Cathedral, and then again in dens and caves of the earth. Its prayers have gone up in the measured cadence and holy beauty of solemn litanies, and then again in the rapt fervor of the man of God, who speaks as the spirit gives him utterance. Its praises have floated to heaven on the organ's strains and in the stately anthem, and then, without voice or sound, from the hearts of the still worshippers, who keep silence in their temple, because God is there. It has been known, not by its forms and creeds, but by such works as Jesus wrought before the Baptist's disciples. It has numbered among its members those of every form and creed, who have shown their love to God by their love to man. Its only creed and covenant is love,—its only ritual charity,—its only badge of priesthood a double portion of the spirit of Jesus. This church, though on the increase, is still but a little flock. And hence one chief reason, why Christians of different names are still so slow to own each other. They do not trace in each other that full and fervent charity, which confounds the bigotry of creeds and catechisms. But as soon as the whole Church assumes a decidedly philanthropic aspect, as soon as Christians will give themselves no rest, while an ignorant, degraded, suffering fellow-man remains upon earth,

then, in these Christ-like works, they will trace in each other their Master's image and superscription.

Thus indeed is it even now, where Christian love has shone forth with peculiar lustre. Who thinks of questioning on sectarian grounds the Christian name and true Christian priesthood of such men as Fenelon and Penn, Oberlin and Neff, Martyn and Heber, Mayhew and Brainerd, Cheverus and Tuckerman? Such men have borne too manifestly the signature of Jesus, even for the narrowest bigot to ask, 'Whose image and superscription is this?' They have too manifestly been led by the spirit of God, and commissioned from on high, to be arraigned at the bar of human exclusiveness. They are placed by a common consent above the narrow limits of sect or party. They are deemed too much Christians, to have any other name stamped upon them; and good men of every name feel that they have a property in them. And why has it been thus? Simply because these venerable men reproduced the image of apostolic piety and charity, because they preached the gospel to the poor, and, like their Master, sought out want, and woe, and guilt, and felt the loudest call where there was the deepest need; because they shrank from no form of vice and wretchedness, but had faith in God, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth could cast out the foulest spirit that ever dwelt in man. And every where, throughout the church, where Christians come together for the relief of the oppressed and the desolate, the poor and benighted, they learn to esteem and love each other, and, however far divided by sectarian landmarks, to trace in each other features of brotherhood. As the church abounds more and more in

good works, and all of every name toil to lift the burden of guilt and woe from off our common nature, this mutual tolerance and sympathy will grow,—Christians will see their Master's image reflected from every quarter,—they will see that he, who should come, has come, and is working in the bosom of every separate communion. And, when love becomes the crowning grace of the whole church, then will the walls fall down,—then will the bars between the separate folds be removed, and the disciples will again be one under the blessed name first borne at Antioch.

3. Once more, let us give the question of our text a more immediately personal application. Let us, who profess to believe in Jesus, search ourselves, and see whether our Jesus is indeed the Christ of God. Has he, who should come, come to us, or look we for another? This we may know by 'the spirit, which he has given us.' There is no need of examining ourselves about subtleties of doctrine; for, though we have all faith and all knowledge, and yet have not charity, it profiteth us nothing. But have we the spirit of brotherly love shed abroad in our hearts? Is man in all his wanderings and pollutions dear to us as man? Do our pulses throb quick in sympathy with the suffering? Are not our feet slow, or our hands idle, when a voice of woe appeals to us? Do we love to do such works as Jesus wrought before the disciples of the Baptist? Is it our delight to carry the bread of life to the hungry soul, and to fill the cup of salvation for the thirsty spirit? And are we conscious of doing these things, not mechanically, but from the heart, from an impulse which will not let us rest, from a love, which cannot

bear to be without imparting? My brethren, if these things be found in us, he, who should come, has come, nor need we look for another. Such love to man can flow only from ardent love for the true God. Such fruits can be borne by no sham piety, by no mock religion. Such fruits can never ripen from that hope of the hypocrite, which shall perish. If there be in our souls a fountain of love, which is never dry and never ebbs low, it is a fountain, which only an infinite source can keep thus full. We can thus love only by loving God, and loving all his children in him, and him in all his children. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.' 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

Brethren, has he, who should come, come to our respective churches, and to us individually? This is a question asked concerning us at the present time with a new and peculiar emphasis, by the opponents of those more rational and liberal views of gospel truth and Christian communion, which, though united by no sectarian bond, we hold in common. And it is well that these views should be sustained, and defended by that irresistible weight of argument and scriptural testimony, to which they can make their rightful appeal. But it is one thing to prove our doctrines true, and another to demonstrate that Jesus is with us. We may hold the truth in unrighteousness; and, if we do, our expositions and arguments will fall powerless. Our truest defence is that of a Christ-like spirit manifested in Christ-like works. Christ in our midst can be made manifest only by love unfeigned, by a charity full and

free, by our zeal to diffuse the joy of his salvation and the blessedness of his reign among the benighted and the destitute. What then are we doing, individually or collectively, to promote the cause, for which Jesus lived and died? There are several terms of comparison, which we might do well to employ in answering this question.

We might compare our expenditures in religious charity with those, which we make for our own superfluous gratification. Do we spend the most for pleasure, or for Christ,—for the lust of the eye and the pride of life, or for the cause, in which Jesus yielded himself as a sacrifice? It is certain, that, if we came up to the gospel standard of beneficence, our appropriations for sending light to those in darkness would far exceed those, which we make for indulgences, that do not even add to the comfort or happiness of life. We often indeed complain that we cannot afford to give for pious uses; but are there any of us, who cannot afford such charity better than the widow whom Jesus praised, who cast in her whole living into the treasury of her God? Her two mites were not savings from her luxury; but were wrung by pious zeal from her necessities. It is in charity, that we are most prone to commence our retrenchments. As Christians, we ought to end them there, and to yield up any mere superfluity, rather than deny ourselves the luxury of doing good. Do we complain that, in order to do much good, we must deny ourselves? And what is it to be a Christian? ‘If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself.’ To spurn the yoke of self-denial is to strike ourselves from the roll of disciples.

We might again measure our religious charity by its

results. How much do we and the churches in communion with us effect annually, or how much have we effected within any given term of years, towards the increase of Christ's kingdom? How much has his reign extended itself through our instrumentality? How many benighted souls have been cheered by light, which we have kindled? Suppose that all Christian churches made efforts and sacrifices in the cause of Christ in just the same proportion, according to their numbers and ability, in which we are making them, how many centuries would it take to evangelize the world? Would the world ever be evangelized? Would the Redeemer's kingdom grow perceptibly? Or would it remain forever stationary? These are solemn questions,—questions, which, I fear, we should find it hard to answer with comfort to our own consciences. It cannot be denied, that, were our zeal and energy in works of Christian charity the rule and standard for the church universal, the wheels of Christ's chariot would drag slowly and heavily along the path of ages. Yet why should we be exempt from the duty of urging on the conquering car, of preparing for Emmanuel's coronation as King of kings? Who has given us leave to stand idle, while Christians of so many sects and so many various gifts are rushing into the harvest field? Who has discharged us alike from cost and effort in the warfare against superstition, infidelity and sin? Brethren, on this point it is high time that we should awake out of sleep. It is not enough for us, that we fence our own folds, and feed our own flocks. It behooves us to enlarge our circle of brotherhood, our bounds of neighborhood. All, who can be aided by our charity, have through Christ a claim upon it.

There is perhaps in many minds a scepticism with

regard to Foreign Missions. It belongs not to the present occasion to discuss their claims or prospects. But, to my own mind, the greatest obstacle to their success, the only obstacle worthy of serious consideration, is the unchristian condition of Christendom, which, for every missionary, sends forth a hundred profane, licentious seamen, travellers and adventurers to undo his work. Our Home Missionary Societies are our truest Foreign Missionary Societies. If healing streams are to go forth from Christendom to gladden all lands, it can only be by deepening and filling the fountain. Never can the gospel have free course among the nations of the earth, until Christians navigate our ships, until Christians conduct our intercourse with the destitute and benighted, until Christian nations are pervaded by the spirit of gospel piety, and diffuse a light too bright, too clear to be overlooked or mistaken.

The Society, in whose behalf I solicit your aid this evening, is among our oldest religious charities. Its plan of operations is indicated by its name. The *Evangelical* Missionary Society,—not sectarian in its purpose, not designed to disseminate the peculiar views of this or that party, but to aid in the preaching of our common gospel to those, by whom otherwise the public means of religion could not be sustained. While its funds would be withholden from such as would preach a gospel of exclusion, schism and strife, they are open for the aid of any, who will preach the gospel in its own tolerant, catholic and loving spirit.

This Society aids not those, who can, but will not support the institutions of religion. It helps those only, who are willing to help themselves; and instances are not wanting of parishes, which have been rescued by its judicious charity from utter destruction, and nursed

into self-sustaining maturity and vigor, nay, into the ability to help others also.

The religious societies aided by our funds, it is believed, generally tax themselves for public worship to the utmost of their ability. Many of them are in agricultural communities, where there are few or no persons of wealth. Many of them are the old first parishes of their respective towns, once flourishing, now crippled and frittered away by the inroads of sectarianism, yet still perhaps the only places in their respective towns where a permanent ministry is maintained, or, at least, the only places, where a man, who takes the New Testament for his sole creed, can be admitted to the communion table, or dedicate his children to God in baptism. Some of these parishes exhibit touching and beautiful instances of self-denying attachment to the sanctuary, where the fathers worshipped, so as to remind one of those, of whom it was written, when Zion was laid waste, 'Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof.' Could you witness as many proofs, as your preacher has, of zeal and self-sacrifice on the part of the members of such Parishes, and then could you hear their earnest appeal for aid, when they have done what they could and yet lack, you would need no more sollicitation,—you would not let the flame upon these rural altars expire,—you would not leave these ancient ways of Zion to utter mourning, even though but few remain to attend their solemn feasts.

The contrast between those towns, which have enjoyed the regular ministrations of religion, and those, which have been for many years destitute of a settled ministry, is manifest and striking. You may know, long before you reach the centre of a country town, whether its sanctuary is kept open or laid waste. You may

know this from the neatness or the squalidness of the dwellings which you pass, from the exterior and manners of the inhabitants, from all that marks the difference between a rude and an intelligent, a vicious and a moral, a beggarly and a thrifty population. Where the ministrations of the sanctuary are suspended or irregularly performed, the schools are neglected, the village bar-room is full day and night, and the Sabbath, as inviting to drunkenness and disorder, is transformed from a blessing to a curse. But where a people have their own shepherd, they hear his voice, and walk as he points. There the schools thrive, the haunts of dissipation are closed, and the services and sympathies of the house of prayer throw around the little community a chain of intelligence, purity and love, binding each with all, and all with God. These are not mere vague statements. They might be substantiated by a comparison of the worth and productiveness of land in these two classes of towns, by the annals of pauperism and crime, nay, by the bills of mortality, in fine, by all those statistics, that indicate the true well-being of communities. There are in New England numerous instances, in which two adjacent towns, enjoying the same physical advantages, present in all these particulars widely different aspects, solely, because in the one they have worshipped the God of their fathers, and in the other they have forsaken his altar, and set at nought his covenant.

But this is a charity, which concerns you no less intimately, hardly less directly, than it does the communities, to which the aid of our Society is given. You can hardly conceive the degree, to which your municipal character and prosperity depend upon the prevalence of intelligence, good morals and Christian piety in our rural districts. It is the country, which gives its charac-

ter to the city. Our cities and maritime towns are to a great degree peopled from the country. There is a constant current of emigration from the interior to the seaboard. Comparatively few of those, who occupy commanding stations in this city, were born here. A large proportion of those most prominent among you as merchants and professional men, of those, whom you all trust and honor, first came hither in youth or early manhood. And whence came they? They came, (I say it not without passing many honored names mentally in review,) they came from towns, where the savor of Puritan piety yet lingers, where the Sabbath is hallowed, and the house of prayer opened. Nor were the majority of your vicious poor born here. Your jails and houses of correction need not have been built so amply for your native criminals. Many of these wretched beings come to you from the country; and, with the very limited knowledge of individual cases which a stranger must have, I have often seen and heard, in connexion with squalidness and guilt in your city, the names of towns, where I know that for many years there has been no stated preaching of the word, but an open desecration of God's house and day. It is for yourselves then, that I would implore your charity. I ask you to give, that you may receive again. The streams of your bounty will flow back upon you. God will render back your alms in giving peace, and thrift, and virtue within your borders.

On the funds of this Society depends the existence of about twenty feeble parishes, which receive each indeed a small sum, but a sum absolutely necessary to enable them to support a stated ministry. In some cases, the clergyman, who receives this stipend to eke out his livelihood, performs missionary services in a destitute neighborhood. But the object of the Society is not to sup-

port or favor a system of itinerancy, but *to prop up the stated, regular ministry*. Any essential diminution of the resources of this Society must lead to the breaking up of such a ministry in some quarter; and, were its resources quadrupled, they would not more than suffice for the demands annually made upon it, many of which, rightful and urgent, are every year dismissed for want of funds.

Consider the blessedness of that charity, which aims to convert the sinner from the error of his ways. It were an incalculable good to save a single soul from death. For the sinner thus rescued lives not for himself. He works upon others, upon the community. He leaves an impress of himself, that can never pass away. He leads others into the path of life, and they others still, and so on, in a current of holy influence widening and deepening all down the stream of time. Moreover, your contributions for the missionary cause may not only reclaim or save those, who shall exert the quiet influence of private worth. There are those now filling prominent stations in the church, there are others preparing to take their places at the altar, who owe their first Christian purposes and efforts under God to the missionaries of this Society. Give in faith, entrust your free-will offering to the God of the harvest; and eternity will reveal fruits, which time can never show. Give; and you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just,—you shall rejoice in heaven with those, who, through your charity, shall have been brought into the Savior's fold, and taught the song of the redeemed.

The Trustees of the Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society respectfully and urgently solicit the attention of Clergymen, and others friendly to the interests of religion, to the following

CIRCULAR.

The Evangelical Missionary Society was instituted on the fourth day of Nov. 1807 ; and incorporated Feb. 28, 1814. Its leading object, as stated in the Constitution is 'to furnish the means of Christian knowledge and moral improvement to those inhabitants of our country who are destitute or poorly provided.'

It has annually sent missionaries to as many places unblest with a regular ministry, as its funds enabled it to provide for. It has also aided in sustaining many feeble parishes ; some of which would have altogether decayed without its assistance ; and has helped to increase the meagre salaries of valuable ministers to an amount sufficient to enable them to support themselves where their labors were needed, but could not be adequately remunerated.

Its invested funds amount to about 8000 dollars ; the interest of which, together with the amount obtained from the annual subscriptions of members and donations, usually enable the Executive Committee to appropriate annually, from 800 to 1000 dollars. 3000 dollars per annum could be most profitably expended in missionary efforts and in sustaining feeble parishes in New England. It is exceedingly desirable that the resources of

the Society should be largely augmented, if possible, to such a degree as to enable it to take the entire charge of the missionary fields and of destitute Societies within the limits of the Eastern States; so that the Unitarian Association may carry on unimpeded its operations in the South and West.

In view of the circumstances of the Society, and in furtherance of the above named considerations, the Trustees venture to solicit Clergymen to commend the interests of the Society to their parishes; to procure as many members as they may be able amongst their friends; and if agreeable and convenient, to form Associations in their congregations, which may contribute annually to its funds. Associations of Ladies already exist in the parishes of Rev. Dr Lowell and Mr Robbins in Boston, of Rev. Mr Peabody of Portsmouth and Rev. Mr Hill of Worcester.

The Trustees also respectfully request each Church to which this Circular is addressed to choose a member to represent them at the Annual Meetings of the Missionary Society, on the last Thursday in May, in Boston.

The qualifications of membership are thus indicated in the second Article of the Constitution.

‘The Society shall consist of all persons who shall subscribe this constitution, pay two dollars into the Treasury, and the same sum annually for promoting the objects of the institution; also of such churches as shall annually choose a member to represent them. Any person who on signing this constitution shall advance ten dollars or more, shall be a member without the annual contribution.’ [N. B. It was afterwards voted at the Annual Meeting Oct. 2, 1823, that the amount required to constitute a member for life be twenty dollars.]

The Trustees feel persuaded that it is only necessary that the claims of this excellent charity should be fairly presented to the friends of religion, in order to awaken a general and lively interest in its objects, and to procure the pecuniary contributions

which are needed to enable its officers to bring about those valuable results which it is their earnest desire to accomplish.

In behalf of the Trustees and of the Executive Committee.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, *Secretary &c.*

N. B. Those Clergymen and others who may be disposed to become members of the Society, or to aid in carrying out the plans suggested in the above Circular, will confer a favor upon the Trustees by transmitting an early notice of those intentions to the Secretary.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
introduction of the subject. It is divided into
two main sections, the first of which is
concerned with the history of the subject.

The second part of the book is devoted to a
detailed study of the subject. It is divided
into several chapters, each of which is
concerned with a different aspect of the
subject.

The third part of the book is devoted to a
summary of the results of the study. It is
divided into several sections, each of which
is concerned with a different aspect of the
subject.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the results of the study. It is
divided into several sections, each of which
is concerned with a different aspect of the
subject.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a
conclusion of the study. It is divided into
several sections, each of which is concerned
with a different aspect of the subject.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a
list of references. It is divided into several
sections, each of which is concerned with a
different aspect of the subject.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a
list of names. It is divided into several
sections, each of which is concerned with a
different aspect of the subject.



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